Kate Carew Tete-a-Tete with a Real Royalist-Aristocrat of Old France

Count Leon de Tinseau Tells His American Caller That Paris Has No Longer Any Individuality or Charm, Gives His Idea of the Reasons for the Submerging of Jollity There and Talks of Possible Radical Remedies.

Paris, October 12. 66 HIRD floor, and the door on your studying the Frenchman before me. pleasantly upon me as I began to climb, Paris, dear ones, because life here is just martial white mustache. a continual going upsteirs and coming

vator come into its own as a useful and

breath saving feature. And this wasn't a new apartment house at all. It was old and stately, and it present. was in an equally old and stately corner of Paris, where there are wide streets, a said pleasantly, but with just a shade of nearby park, a church in perspective and hauteur. everything which suggests dignity and repose, and the Paris of beautiful dames

and gallant cavaliers. Not much of the frivolous workaday city creeps round the Rue de Vienne. You know it's not far away. You feel its influence, but just as Rodin the sculptor has managed to shut himself off from it, so this old French royalist I had come to see has achieved also a certain

dignified isolation. Well, as I was saying, I'm so used to stairs nowadays that I just bounded up these like a young gazelle or a sleek little "lapin." Anyhow, I got to the top and did some deep breathing, so as not to appear flustered by the ascent, which was as long and steep as the right road. Then I pulled the bell rope, with its fine fat tassel.

AN OLD WORLD FIGURE.

A large and massive peasant woman opened the door. She wore the most spotless of aprons, and an equally spotless, close fitting cap encircled her round, kindly, weather beaten face.

She smiled at me as I stood there, and from her seemed to radiate waves of the gentle, pleasant spirit of the France that is passing. Yes, monsieur le comte was chez lui.

Yes, she was sure she would see madame if only madame would have the infinite kindness to be seated for one little mo-

So madame seated herself on a low chair in the small sitting room, which was drawing room and den as well.

Quite a wonderful room, really. The walls were hung with Japanese other weapons from divers countries. There were photographs, oil paintings and families in all France.

on the throne.

The Paris of to-day is something of a freams of its glorious past and trembles

bend my littleness to the ground in a and dreary." sweeping courtesy.

I remembered how we used to do it at he pursed his lips. dancing school.

out of practice. So I just smiled and slowly inclined my head, meanwhile

right," said the rosy cheeked He's very erect, so that he looks taller concierge, and she beamed than he really is. He has a fine, aristo-He's very erect, so that he looks taller cratic face, keen, flashing eyes; white hair I've developed a brand new set of mus-les since I took up a temporary abode in nice, new powder puff, and a fierce and

You feel he ought to be guarding a king somewhere to-day, as one of his ancestors Every one seems to have sky parlors, guarded Louis XVI, till he lost his own and only in new apartments has the ele- life in the struggle to save his monarch. Count Leon de Tinseau is an anach-He doesn't belong to the com

> mercial, trading, bartering Paris of the "What can I do for you, madame?" he

ON A LITERARY TRAIL.

"Well, I've come to find out something about a book you've written on the America of the future," I said, somewhat timidly, for I was a bit awed by the sort of aloofness there was in the atmos-phere. Count de Tinseau smiled, still a triffe coldly, methought,

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you much about my book," he replied, simply, "You see, it has not appeared as yet, and you would not want me to give it to readers in advance, would you?"

"Oh, no!" I assured him in my most seartfelt tones. "Not under any circumstances.

He warmed a little at this disarming attitude of mine, and I think he looked upon me with more favor, for he sat down near me and unbent somewhat.

"You see," I continued, chattily, "rumor has it that you've had the temerity to make America a monarchy in the new story and Theodore II the ruler."

He didn't fall into this trap with his eyes open. Frenchmen, my dear girls, are much subtler than ordinary men. They see through all our wiles and winning ways, but they just pretend with us that we are as ingenuous as we are trying to appear.

Therefore Count de Tinseau, though he knew quite well I was doing my best to find out a little more than he desired to divulge, merely overlooked this, and told me as much as he cared to about the

A STORY BASED ON "PERHAPS."

"My new novel, 'Duc Rollon,' isn't altogether about America," he said, with genmatting, on which rested swords and the courtesy. "It is a fiction based on possibilities-what might be the result on the American or European Continent old prints from many places and of many if the present social and political condicople, and there were books in many tion develops along similar lines until the languages, for Count de Tinseau is a end of the twentieth century, say eighty scholar, a soldier, a traveller, a novelist, years hence; increase in public debts, scholar, a soldier, a traveler, a hovelest and a scion of one of the oldest taxes, strikes, antagonism between capital and labor, riots, etc. I quite admit But first and foremost he is a Parisian, that the possibilities I have contemplated But first and foremost he is a Parisian, may be arrested by some unexpected a Parisian of the time when kings were events, but they are possibilities anyhow and worth studying. And now," he strange land to him. He lives in it, breathes it, loves it for what it was and say about 'Duc Rollon,' madame, except might be, and, with a few of his kind, ne that my heroine is an ultra-civilized American girl, and my hero a French-man reverted to semi-barbarism."

"Oh, of course, I wouldn't dream of HIS BOW ENNOBLED HER. questioning you further about the book,"
While I was still taking cursory stock I twittered humbly. "But since I am of this living room of a real Parisian here, won't you please be kind enough to Count de Tinseau entered and made me a talk a little about Paris and its life and deep and ceremonious bow, the kind of a conditions? You know there's a genbow that exalted me instantly to the eral feeling among English and Amerirank of a duchesse. I wanted to rise and cans that the 'Gay City' is growing old

Count de Tinseau's mobile face fell and

"There's little to say of the Paris of One, the leg back; two, bend; three, in- the present," he answered. "There's no cline the body; four, sit on your foot, as real life of Paris now. We are but the receiving station for the world. We have



"ALAS! THAT 'LA BELLE PARIS' IS NO MORE A PHRASE WITH WHICH TO CONJURE." that 'La Belle Paris' is no more a phrase to spend on pleasures nowadays. It is they are the most energetic talkers that difficult to make ends meet in Paris. Big have ever come my way. If you don't "Yes, that's what people seem to feel." fortunes are far rarer than they were. know their language you needn't feel with which to conjure!" I murmured. "But why should this Incomes in general are smaller and the alarmed about coming over anyhow, for blight have descended upon Paris?" cost of living is greater. Figure to yourMonsieur le comte placed his delicate
finger tips together and looked at me as ing out both hands, palms upward and to understand, and that serves till you if he didn't really see me at all, while shaking them slightly; "figure to yourself get the real thing. I studied those beautiful, aristocratic and that not only have taxes increased, but You've guessed rents have gone up 25 per cent within the "You ask very difficult questions, ma- last few years. Our public debt is the the government" on any and all points, dame," he said at length. "There are largest in the world. Think of that almost on principle, I should imagine. What a burden! Ah, it is no laughing is creeping over us. In the first place, matter, all this! If we are no longer the and brilliant Frenchmen of the past, have we not enough to weigh us down?" "Surely this can't go on," I youchsafed, for the count had settled back in his chair after this last outburst and difficulties, and wonder what the end will seemed to have no desire for further con-He revived again. "No, it can't go on," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Something will happen. We all wait breathlessly for the expected change. No one knows what it will affairs, They give a few balls and din- be or how it will come about, but come it ners, which officials and their wives at- will-and soon. Sometimes I think a great

expressive hands of his.

so many reasons for this shadow which we Frenchmen are doubtful and disturbed about the future. Even the man in the street who knows little of the real situation is discouraged and indifferent, while we who think see our country beset with be. This does not make for jollity. Then, as far as gayety is concerned, to insure that in a capital like Paris there must be a court, with all its pageants, its functions and festivities. As it is now, we have estimable middle class presi-

all the Vere de Veres of the world concentrated into one essence.

Then, because he was getting warmed your diligent auntie. "Another reason for the gloom you and

European war will bring it. We will be- so I delicately turned my attention to my And the count waved his hand in the air come involved. Then there will be a notebook till Count de Tinseau was at with a light and airy gesture, which revolution, for in case of war, whether leisure again and the peasant, after wasn't much when you come to analyze we were victorious or not, the republic throwing me another friendly smile, had it, but somehow suggested the disdain of would fall and the most popular general tramped down the hall. who led our troops would be made emperor or something."

He had become quite oratorical and up to the subject, he continued without any more prompting and prodding from eyebrow, mouth, hand and voice which years. Her family have worked in my belong to the tribune, the pulpit or the family for more years than I should be

footlights. so many charming visitors mention is a Of course, though, girls, this isn't unvery practical one. Few of us have money usual in Frenchmen. I will say for them, mote past."

You've guessed before now that Count

de Tinseau is a monarchist. He's "agin

Then a large and important though silent interruption came in the person of the peasant woman who seemed to be the factorum of the little flat. She had her keys in one hand and a spacious market basket on her arm.

I call her a silent interruption, because she only stood in the doorway and waited for her master to turn and look at her. When he did, he gave me another of those delightfully duchessy bows and went to consult with her on household

I knew just what was happening. The cook was getting her orders for the day, "That is Jeanne, my housekeeper and

cook," explained the Frenchman. is a fine, faithful soul and has looked able to count for you without much calculation and searching back into the re-

The Veteran Writer-Soldier-Tourist Vouchsafes a Bit of Information as to His Forthcoming Sociological Novel Based on American Life, and Explains the Sad Fate Confronting Young French Nobles Nowadays.

such things be!

Imagine service of this sort!

There's no justice in the world. I'm sure of it now. Why should one lone man keep a servant twenty years and we hard working housewives have to think ourselves fortunate if we manage to have the same one twenty months!

I cast covetous eyes upon the retreating form of Jeanne. Wild and dishonorable thoughts of luring her to America crossed my mind, but I virtuously banished them, and, anyway, they wouldn't have been any use. Somehow, the Jeannes of life over here don't come to the U. S. A. -at least not often.

of thing, so I forgave him.

"Many of the younger nobility are tak-

swered Count de Tinseau. It is better for see, under this government very few of oped and educated him, then given him them can go in for statesmanship, and if freedom. But I must not talk of your they do try they are not likely to get any official position."

"Now, why is that?" I exclaimed in surprise. "Just because they have titles?"

THEY'RE BARRED FROM SERVICE.

"Well, if one is an aristocrat one is supposed to be opposed to the republic and also one is suspected of having religious tendencies, and the government will not tolerate that, so official positions are filled by any but the nobility. Run over our foreign ambassadors in your mind How many are aristocrats? The same is true of the prefets and sous-prefets. They are all chosen from middle class ranks. The young nobleman is treated as an outsider. This has been bad for him, naturally. His country has no need for his services, refuses them in fact. So if he has money he simply employs his time in spending it. If he is not rich he tries to marry money, or, nowadays, he goes to work, perhaps in a bank or in an insurance company, or he tries the colonies." "Dear me, that's really dreadful," I

cried. "After all, they can't help having titles. It's just a sort of birthmark, as it were. Surely they ought to be given their chance."

Again the shoulders went up.

"There is nothing so arbitrary as a republican government," said the count, a little wearily. "And they are suspicious Things are much better now though, especially as regards the Church. Three years ago an officer who wanted to go to church found himself exceedingly unpopular. Yes, things are better

THE AMERICANS IN PARIS.

tled here succeeded in getting into really French life-I mean in the exclusive aristocratic set?"

"In Paris, yes, to a certain extent. Intermarriage has effected that. But can women," he said in parting. "You outside of Paris there are great families fill us with wonder. You are all women who remain in their chateaus most of combined." the year. It is not easy to penetrate into their social fastnesses. After all, Paris is not all of France, you know,

Shades of our servant question, can | Back came Jeanne with the backet heavy laden, and went directly to a re-mote part of the flat, where I could fancy her concocting wonderful dishes from her purchases.

"Have you ever been to America?" I asked, because seeing Jeanne had made my thoughts fly again to our domestio

problem "Yes, I've been there three times. I'm much interested in America. It is a great

country, with, I believe, a great future." "But you also believe it might become a monarchy, with Theodore II in command?" I demanded, a little petulantly.

"Aha, madame!" cried the Frenchman, shaking a reproving finger at me. "You He laughed at my vivid description of would entrap me, but I will not be comour servant question and just what trials mitted. I will just say it is within the we had. But other men, not so far away bounds of possibility that even that might as France, have laughed at the same sort happen. You have many problems to face, you know. You have not a great army, and Japan's is increasing all the ing positions in banks and business time. Then you have your negro populahouses nowadays, aren't they?" I queried. tion to deal with, Surely to free the black "Yes, I am glad to say they are," an- man was a mistake. 'Twould have been better to have protected him, seen him them than idleness in semi-poverty. You always well cared for, gradually devel-

CHARMING WORKS OF ART.

country. Would you care to see my

I surmised I'd be delighted, so we made a round of the rooms and studied the curios. There were water colors of the Orient, silks from Damascus, rosaries, old and quaint warlike weapons, parchment manuscrips, beautiful praying rugs, and cabinets filled with miniatures and preclous, exquisite ware. And in a satinlined box were some coins of the fifteenth century.

These I pondered over, and Count de Tinseau, pleased at my interest, pointed out his coat of arms on them, for they had been struck off for a de Tinseau who was Governor of Besancon. This early member of the family had chosen a nice, modest motto for posterity. It was: "Hold humble." Which doesn't seem altogether gram-

matical in English, though it is in French so I think, my dears, you'd better call it 'Hold humility." "How did you take up literature as a

career?" I asked.

"I was educated in a Jesuit school, where a love for literature was inculcated, and I always determined to become a writer. Then came the army service and the Franco-Prussian war; and after that I was made a sous-prefet. But the government became opposed to the nobility, and my office was taken from me, as from others. So I turned to my early love, and I have never regretted it, I assure you I am an indefatigable worker."

"None but writing and travelling. But look, here are my children." And he "Have the Americans who have set- pointed to a small bookcase filled with

"What recreations have you?"

volumes by Leon de Tinseau. It was his little joke, and I laughed with him. Then I turned to go.

"You are very remarkable, you Ameri-

I laughed again and thanked him for us all.

though I fear most of the world thinks | Old World Paris was shut away from me. (Copyright, 1912, New-York Tribune.)



"IN CASE OF WAR, WHETHER VICTORIOUS OR NOT, THE REPUBLIC WOULD FALL."

"MY! THINK OF ALWAYS HAVING TO 'HOLD HUMBLE'!"